think you have changed sides and are not with us any longer. Maybe you do wish good for the people . . . in your own way. Who knows? Go in peace, and God forgive you and us."

I looked at the faces of men around me, grim, covered with splashes of mud. Lost friends, all of them. . . . I shook hands with each one. Some smiled sadly. Then I got into the car, feeling intolerably lonely. How different this situation was from that in this same army only two months earlier! We had lost the confidence of these men and millions like them as a result of the conspiracy at the top of the government and our inability to disassociate ourselves from the culprits.

A GENERAL LOOKS FOR A CIVILIAN ON A WHITE HORSE

Some officers realized what the disintegration of the government meant for the country and especially the army, and believed that the trend could be reversed if power were given to somebody whom the soldiers at the front would trust.

I was called to a regiment of General Scalon's division to look into friction between the regiment commander and the enlisted men. The division was in comparatively good shape and the trouble was trivial. A dispute on some administrative matter had developed, and both sides had agreed to ask me to arbitrate it. Though I had to drive more than a hundred miles over fearful roads for actually nothing, I felt relaxed in talking with the soldiers and officers. Then General Scalon arrived unexpectedly on horseback with two staff officers. He was a big man. A deep scar across his face, from the right temple to the chin, had not disfigured him but gave him, rather, a martial look. He greeted me, asked the colonel whether the dispute was settled, and then invited me to see his other regiments. This was a rather unusual invitation, but I accepted it. The roads between positions were impassable for a car, and the colonel offered me a horse with a mounted orderly to take care of it. We visited two regiments. The soldiers were friendly, and the general seemed to be on good terms with the committees.

As we were returning, the general made a sign to his staff officers to fall back and moved his horse closer to mine, so that our stirrups were touching. "Mr. Commissar," he said, "would you consider it improper if I talk with you about political matters with complete frankness, as man to man?"

"Mr. General, I'll be equally frank with you."

Scalon continued, "For many a sleepless night I have thought of